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A Night in Florence.

BY HEINRICH HEINE.*

(Concluded from page 306.)

PAGANINI (CONCLUDED).

"It was indeed PAGANINI who soon approached. He wore a dark grey overcoat, extending to his feet, and making him appear very tall. His long black hair fell in wild locks upon his shoulders, and like a frame, encompassed his pale, corpse-like countenance, upon which sorrow and genius and hell had graven their indestructible characters. A short, self-complacent person, plainly attired, tripped along at his side. His face, though florid, was full of wrinkles. He wore a light grey coat with steel buttons, and bowed in all directions with most excruciating politeness, while he, now and then, cast half-fearful, half wistful, glances at the sombre figure walking at his side, serious and wrapt in meditation. It reminded one of Retsch's picture of Faust and Wagner walking before the gates of Leipzig. The painter, however, criticized both individuals in his droll, peculiar way, and made me take particular notice of Paganini's wide and measured gait. 'Does it not,' he asked, 'seem as if he yet had the iron bar between his legs? He will never get rid of that gait. Do you observe with what contemptuous irony he looks down upon his companion whenever the latter annoys him with his dull and prosy questioning? He cannot cut loose from him. He is bound, by a bloody compact, to this servant, who is no other than Satan himself. The ignorant suppose this companion to be the dramatist and anecdotist Harris, of Hanover, and believe that Paganini carries him along in his journeyings in order that he may attend to the financial management of the concerts. The people do not know that Satan has merely borrowed the form of Mr. George Harris and that, along with other trash, the poor soul of that poor creature will remain locked up in a chest in Hanover until the Devil returns its fleshy envelope;—when, under the nobler guise of a black poodle, he will accompany his master, Paganini, through the world.'

"But if Paganini looked sufficiently wild and remarkable in broad daylight, when he walked toward me under the Jungfernstieg, how much more surprising was his terribly bizarre appearance at the concert in the evening. The performance took place in the Hamburg theatre, and the art-loving public had assembled at so early an hour, and in such numbers, that it was with difficulty I obtained a seat near the orchestra. Although it was *letter day*, I saw in the first tier of boxes all of the fashionable mercantile world—a perfect Olympus of bankers and other millionaires, gods of coffee and of sugar, attended by their fat household divinities, the Junos of Wantram and the Aphrodites of Dreckwall. Awful silence reigned through the building. All eyes were directed towards the stage. Every ear prepared to listen. My neighbor, an old fur-

broker, took the dirty cotton from his ears so that he might more easily drink in the expensive tones, to hear which he had already paid two *thalers*. At last a sombre figure that seemed to have arisen from the dark regions appeared upon the stage. It was Paganini in full dress. His black coat and vest were of some such horrible cut as mayhap infernal etiquette prescribes at the court of Proserpine. The black pantaloons flapped about his legs fearfully. His long arms seemed yet longer when he made his strange obeisance to the audience, and bent forward so far that the bow in one hand and the violin in the other almost touched the ground. There was something so terribly wooden and yet so foolishly animal in the angular bendings of his body, that his bowing awakened a great desire to laugh. But then his pale face, rendered more death-like by the glaring orchestra lights, seemed so supplicating and so full of shy timidity that shuddering compassion suppressed it. Had he learned these salutations from an automaton or a dog? Is his imploring look that of one doomed to death, or does the mockery of the shrewd miser lurk behind it? Is that a living being about to die, and who, in the arena of art, like an expiring gladiator, wishes to delight the public with his convulsions? Or is it a dead man risen from the grave—a vampire with a violin, who, instead of sucking the blood out of our hearts, is content to draw the money out of our pockets?

"Such questions filled our brains while Paganini cut his interminable capers. All such thoughts vanished, when the wonderful master placed his violin under his chin and began to play. As for me, you know all about my musical second sight, my gift of seeing the proper acoustic figure for every tone I hear. Thus it was, that with every stroke of his bow, Paganini displayed to my eager gaze visible scenes and figures; that, in tuneful picture-writing, he told me all sorts of strange stories and caused gaudy phantoms, in which he, playing, was always the central figure, to stalk before me. As soon as his bow touched the strings, the scene suddenly changed. There he stood beside his music stand, in a cheerful apartment loaded down with bright decorations and filled with scrolled furniture *a la Pompadour*. Everywhere there lay or hung small mirrors, gilt *amourettes*, Chinese porcelain, a most lovely chaos of books, wreaths, white gloves, torn laces, false pearls, diadems of gold-foil and other such tinsel ware as one is apt to find in the sanctum of a prima-donna. Meanwhile Paganini's appearance had changed for the better. He now wore short breeches of violet satin, a white vest embroidered with silver, and a coat of light-blue velvet with gold-covered buttons. His hair was carefully dressed in small curls and played about his blooming and youthful face, which shone with sweet tenderness whenever he glanced towards the pretty little woman who stood beside him while he played.

"Truly, at his side, I seemed to behold a young and pretty creature, clad in old-fashioned attire.

She wore a dress of white satin, slashed below the hips, her waist seeming the more charmingly small in consequence. As her powdered hair was brushed back, the round face beamed forth more freely, with its sparkling eyes, rouged cheeks, beauty-patches, and its pretty, saucy little nose. She held a roll of white paper in her hand, and, from the coquettish way in which she moved her body from side to side, seemed as if singing. But not a single note of hers was audible. It was only through the violin-playing with which young Paganini accompanied the beautiful creature, that I got at what she was singing, and the emotions that filled his heart while she sang. Oh! these were such melodies as the nightingale warbles at twilight, when the rose's perfume fills her yearning heart with the promise of spring. O, what melting voluptuousness! What blissful languor! Those were tones that kissed, and then, pouting, eluded one another—then, laughing, intertwined and, becoming as one, they died away, drunk with joy. Yes the sounds sported gaily like butterflies, as when one, teasing the other, eludes it, hides behind a flower, is at last caught, and then, in careless joyousness, flutters upward with its pursuer through the golden sunlight. But then a spider, a mere spider, can suddenly prepare a sad fate for such loving butterflies. Did the young heart forbode such? A sad, sighing tone, like a presentiment of stealthily approaching misfortune softly glided through the most ravishing melodies that radiated from Paganini's violin. . . . His eyes become moist. . . . He knelt in prayer at the feet of his *amata*. . . . But alas! just as he bent forward to kiss her feet, he espied a little *abbate* under the bed. I do not know what he may have had against the poor fellow, but the Genoese became as pale as death, grasped the little man with hands of rage, administered several slaps in his face, and, after bestowing quite a number of kicks, threw him out of the room; * * * * then, drawing, a long stiletto from his pocket, he plunged it into the heart of the young lady.

"At the same moment, cries of Bravo! Bravo! resounded on all sides. Hamburg's enthusiastic men and women were bestowing their most boisterous plaudits upon the artist who had just finished the first part of his Concerto. He was bowing with even more angles and contortions than before, and his face betrayed still greater meekness and humiliation than in the earlier part of the evening. His eyes glared with terrible fear, like those of a poor sinner.

"'Divine!' exclaimed my neighbor, the fur-broker, while he scratched his ears. 'That piece, itself, was worth two *thalers*.'

"When Paganini again began to play, everything before my eyes seemed to grow dim. The tones did not assume distinct forms and color as before; the body of the master seemed enveloped in dark shadows, from the depths of which his music sent forth a wail of most piercing and sorrowful tones. Only at intervals, when the little lamp that hung above shed its rays upon him, did

* Translated for this Journal by S. A. Spang.

I behold his pale face, from which the traces of youth had not yet departed. His dress was strange, and was divided off into two colors,—one yellow, the other red. At his feet he dragged heavy chains. Behind him there moved a face, the expression of which betrayed a merry, faun-like disposition; and the long, hairy hand that seemed to belong to it, I saw, occasionally, fingering about the strings of the violin, as if to assist Paganini. At times it guided the hand in which he held his bow, and a bleating laugh accompanied the tones that flowed from the instrument, as though they had cost pain and blood. Those tones were like the songs of the fallen angels, who descended to the earth with faces blushing with shame, because they had been banished from the realm of the immortals, on account of their having wooed the daughters of earth. In the bottomless depths of those tones there was no glimmer of either hope or consolation. When the saints of Heaven hear such, the praises of God die upon their lips, and, weeping, they hide their pious heads. At times, when the *obbligato* goat-laugh mingled with the melodic struggles of the violin-tones, I beheld, in the back-ground, a crowd of little women, who nodded their tiny heads with malicious pleasure, and who, with crossed fingers and provoking malignity, hissed at him. Then there burst forth from the instrument cries of terror and terrible sobs and sighs, such as never were heard on earth before, and never shall be heard on earth again, unless it be in the valley of Jehoshaphat, when the trump of judgment resounds, and when the naked dead creep forth from their graves and await their doom. * * * But, suddenly, the tortured violonist drew his bow with such energy of crazed despair, that his chains rattled and broke, and his forbidding assistant and the mocking furies disappeared.

"That very moment, my neighbor, the fur-broker, said: 'Pity! what a pity! His string has broken—and that comes from his everlasting *pizzicati*!'"

"Had the string really broken? I know not. I only observed the transfiguration of tones, and Paganini and his surroundings seemed to have suddenly changed again. I could hardly recognize him in the brown monk's costume that hid, rather than clothed, him. With his bewildered face half-hidden by his hood, a rope around his hips, and barefooted, stood Paganini, solitary and defiant, on a rocky promontory by the ocean, playing on his violin. Methought it was twilight. The glowing evening sky overflowed the broad expanse of waters that, in mysterious harmony with the tones of the violin, gradually became redder and roared more awfully. While the sea gained in ruddiness, the heavens grew paler, and when at last the angry waves seemed like so much red blood, the sky became ghastly and as livid as a corpse, and large and threatening stars came forth * * * and the stars were black—as black as shining coals. But the tones of the violin continued to grow bolder and more boisterous; the eyes of the terrible player sparkled with a horrid desire to destroy, and his thin lips moved so rapidly and fearfully, that it seemed as if he were muttering some wicked old charm to lay the storm and unfetter the evil spirits imprisoned in the depths of the ocean. He would, sometimes, stretch forth his bare arm, so long and haggard, from the wide sleeve of his gown, and move his fiddle-bow through the air. Then, more

than ever, did he seem a wizard, who, with magic wand rules the elements; then howls as of the possessed came up from the deep, and the angry, blood-like billows rose so violently on high, that they almost splashed their red spray against the pale heavens and the black stars. There were shrieks and screams and crashes as if the world were going to destruction, and still more stubbornly did the monk continue his playing. By the strength of his powerful will he intended to break the seven seals with which Solomon fastened the vessels of iron after he had locked the conquered demons in them. Those vessels Solomon threw into the sea, and, while Paganini's violin growled its angry bass-notes, I thought I heard the voices of the imprisoned spirits. But at last I seemed to hear the shouts of the liberated demons and saw their heads rising from the blood-red waves. There were monsters of fabulous ugliness, crocodiles with bat-wings, serpents with horns like deer, monkeys with conch-shells, sea-dogs with long patriarchal beards, female faces with breasts in place of cheeks, green camels' heads and hermaphrodites of inconceivable construction;—all staring at the fiddling monk with cold, glaring eyes, and stretching their webbed feet towards him. . . .

"In the excitement of exorcising them, his hood fell back, and his curly hair, playing in the breeze, encircled his head like black serpents.

"The whole scene confounded me so much that I held my ears and closed my eyes for fear of becoming crazed. When I opened them the illusion had vanished, and when I looked up again I beheld the poor Genoese, looking as usual, and making his customary obeisance, while the audience applauded with energy.

"Ah! that was the remarkable performance on the G string," observed my neighbor; "I play the violin myself, and I know what it takes to acquire the command of that instrument."

"Fortunately, the intermission was not of long duration, or else the musical judge of furs had muffled me up in a long art discussion. Paganini quietly placed the violin against his chin and, with the first stroke of his bow, the wonderful transfiguration of tones recommenced. This time the shapes they assumed were less bright and corporeal than before. They arose peacefully in majestic waves, swelling like the notes of an organ choral in a cathedral, and all around me had extended in width and increased in height, until the space was so colossal that the eye of the soul alone could grasp it, but not the eye of the body. In the centre of the space floated a sphere of light, on which there stood a man, of giant stature and proud mein, who was playing on a violin. Was the sphere the sun? I know not. But in the man's features I recognized those of PAGANINI, only they were beautifully idealized, serenely clear, and wore a smile of forgiveness. His form glowed with manly strength, a light blue garment covered his noble proportions, and his black hair fell in curls upon his shoulders. —And when, like some great god, he stood there playing on his violin, it seemed as if the whole universe were listening to his tones. He was the human planet about whom the Cosmos revolved with measured solemnity and to the sound of blessed rhythms. Were the great lights that shone so peacefully, as they floated around him, the stars of heaven? And were the tuneful harmonies produced by their movements the mu-

sic of the spheres, concerning which poets and seers have told so many charming tales? At times, when I looked forth into the dim distance, I thought I beheld nothing but undulating white robes in which were colossal pilgrims, who approached, bearing white rods in their hands; and, strangest of all, the golden heads of their rods were the lights which I had mistaken for stars. Forming a great circle, these pilgrims marched around the performer, the tones of his violin adding greater lustre to their rods, while the chorals that issued from their lips, and which I had supposed to be the music of the spheres, were, in truth, the reverberating echoes of his instrument. The fervor of unspeakable holiness dwelt in those sounds. They were sometimes trembling and scarcely audible, like mysterious whisperings on the water; at others, swelling and shivering on the air like the tones of a horn by moonlight;—and then bursting forth with riotous joyousness, as if a thousand bards had struck the chords of their harps, and had lifted up their voices in a song of triumph. Such tones the ear never hears; but the heart may dream them, resting at night against the heart it loves. Perhaps the heart can understand them even by day when, exulting, it loses itself in the beautiful lines and curves of some Grecian master-work of art."

"Or when one has taken a bottle too much of champagne," suddenly exclaimed a laughing voice, that started our story-teller as from a dream. When he turned around, he beheld the Doctor, who, accompanied by black Deborah, had softly entered the room to learn how his medicine had affected the patient.

Maximilian, who had been too much absorbed by his fancies to notice that Maria had fallen asleep, bit his lips with vexation.

"This sleep," said the doctor, "already gives her countenance the look of death. Does it not resemble those white masks, the plaster casts in which we endeavor to preserve the features of the departed?"

"I would like to have such a cast of our friend's face," whispered Maximilian. "She will remain beautiful even in death."

"I would advise you against it," replied the doctor. "Such masks make us sicken at the recollection of those we have loved. We fondly believe that in the plaster there is at least some thing of life retained, while that which we thus preserve is, after all, nothing but death itself. Regular and beautiful features thus acquire a rigid, mocking, odious expression of terror. For real caricature, however, you must go to the plaster casts of faces of which the charm was spiritual, and the features more interesting than regular; for, as soon as the living graces are extinguished, the real deviations from the ideal lines of beauty are no longer softened by the charms of expression. All plaster faces have one puzzling trait in common, that causes one's very soul to shudder, if they are looked at for a long while: they all look as though they were starting to go on a long and painful journey."

"Whither?" said Maximilian, as the doctor seized his arm and led him out of the room.

Shakespeare in his Relation to Music.

BY EMIL NAUMANN.

[Continued from page 309.]

After the decay of the old world, and with the propagation of Christianity, another highly significant and different change takes place in the relation of poetry to music—just as, with the

magnificently sounding language of the Greeks, and the wonderful development of their verse—both music in themselves—the musical art became a servant whose principal task consisted in raising the melodious harmony of the first, and strengthening the rhythm of the second—for a song-like delivery of Homer's strains, or the musical treatment of the strophe and anti-strophe in the choruses of the tragic poets are conceivable only in this manner—we see, under the superior influence of Christian elements, the process reversed, and music transformed into the dominating art, to which poetry is attached more in a subservient than in any other character.

The whole of the most ancient hymnology was written with a view to music, that is to say: all the primitive songs in question were from the very beginning intended to obtain the fullest and most profound significance by the means of music. As showing how, to a certain extent, at the very gates of the new world which Christianity called into existence, poetry and song grasped each other by the hand, we may quote the following description of the meetings of the first Christian congregations: "In the subterranean vaults, in the thickets of the forest, on mountain tops, in caves, and among the clefts of rocks, were they obliged to celebrate their first religious services, so as not to be betrayed by the loud tones of their songs. Instead, however, of remaining dumb, under such straits and anxiety, seeing that the price of the confession of having sung their songs to Christ was their life, they sang those songs with only the greater faith. Even at the stake they gave utterance to their last strains, like those of the dying swan, till smoke and flames smothered their voices, and their soul, borne on the last sounds, winged its course upwards to its heavenly home." One thing especially characteristic of the new period is that we find in its very first attempts rhymed verses. This is decidedly an outward distinguishing sign of the close relation of all the earliest Christian poetry to music. We meet with rhymed religious hymns as far back as in St. Ambrosius, that is, in the fourth century, and even long previously. Ambrosius and other inspired singers of the Church were followed by innumerable disciples; musically considered, the Ambrosian Church chant was changed into the Gregorian, till the rich spring of sacred song-writing reached its acme in the thirteenth century. Among the German songs of this last period, the gentle and fervent "Marien-Lieder" are particularly distinguished, their dreamy poetical purport demanding, as it were, musical treatment. They formed a large and rich class of their own, and among the poets who produced them we meet with the names of Walter von der Vogelweide, Hartmann von der Aue, and others. Side by side, and simultaneously with the sacred songs, a wondrous and rich store of secular songs as well was created, as the names of the above poets tell us. The "Minnesänger" and Troubadours, also, flourished most in the twelfth and thirteenth century, as did likewise the secular national song. But here again one of the leading considerations was, in most cases, the active co-operation of music, as well as—quite apart from the fact of the poets themselves frequently striking the strings as musicians—the circumstance that a deeply musical spirit, and a poetical purport musically expressible are inherent in all their writings.

As the influences of classical antiquity upon the Christian world again became stronger, the relation of the two closely allied sister arts underwent a third and different change. Dante is, to a certain extent, the quintessence and intellectual focus of the expression of an entire age, and, moreover, the first really great poet in whom we meet with the revolution to which we allude. As was previously the case in the more important epic attempts of the period of the "Minnesänger"—for instance: in the *Nibelungen Lied*, the *Amelungen Lied*, in *Parzival*, *Tristan* and *Isolde*, poetry begins with Dante once more to stand entirely on its own feet. Yet it always differed essentially from the antique poetical style by a fundamental feature of a lyrically musical nature. Such a trait runs through all its productions,

whereas a predominant epically-plastic stamp is peculiar to the poets, even the lyrical poets, of the Greeks and Romans. That dreamy revelling in emotions, and that blissful process, sufficing for itself, of losing one's own self in nature, so characteristic of the Christian and more modern poets, and so nearly allied moreover to musical feelings, was almost entirely foreign to the poets of the Ancients. On the other hand, however, we find quite as rarely, in the poets of the specifically Christian period, that objectivity and clearness of representation so common among the Ancients. The *Nibelungen* probably contained more of the epic element than any other poem of the Middle Ages. But we must not forget that at their commencement—in the form of ancient folk's legends—they extend back, perhaps, to a period previous to the Christian era. There is much, too, suggesting that the musically-poetical element still so abundantly represented in them dates its origin only from the re-arrangement of the *Lied* in the 13th century. We intend this to apply especially to the character of Volker, that agrees too well with the time to which the re-arrangement belongs; that is to the most flourishing time of the "Minnesänger," who, like Volker, were as well able to wield the sword as to touch the lyre. When, therefore, we read of Hagen's brother-in-arms:

"Volker, der schnelle, legte den Schild von seiner Hand,
Und legte den viel guten hin, an des Saales Wand,
Zum Saale ging er wieder, wo seine Geige lag,
Da dient er seinen Freunden, wie er so gerne pfleg.
Als ihm der Saiten Tönen so süß und klar erklang,
Die stolzen Helmstürzen, die sagten es Volken Dank.
Und klüsser, immer sanfter, zu geigen er begann;
So wiegt er in den Schlummer gar manchen sorgenden Mann."

such deeply musical outbursts spring, probably, rather from the romanticism distinguishing the age of men like Wolfram von Eschenbach, Gottfried von Strassburg, and Walter von der Vogelweide, than from the original spirit of the old heathen poem.

To return to Dante, with especial reference to the central point in his poetry, namely, his *Divina Commedia*, the fundamentally epic tone preserved through the whole must strike us as an attempted return to the poetical style of the Ancients. But, for this very reason, its purport appears the more essentially different, for it is not in the slightest degree, of an epic, but, genuinely, of a thoroughly lyrical nature. And herein we recognize another and a new element, which distinguishes from the Greek poets not only Dante, the greatest poet of the Christian Medieval period, but, also, the whole modern world of poetry, even when, as early as the 15th and 16th century, classical influences were exerting their full strength. The Greek poets, it is true, assign a certain place in their works to music; they allow it to re-echo through their compositions; they even depict its profound effects upon the mind, or cause us to feel them; but out of their actual poems, despite all the harmony of the verse, and all the magnificence of the forms; despite all the depth and splendor of the style, there issues no music. As we have already hinted, we are not now speaking of the music of the language, but of the fundamental musical tone, of the total spirit and feeling, streaming forth like music as it were, and which, since recourse had been had to the principles of Christianity, spread like a magic perfume over all poetry. In such a state of things, it is of quite secondary importance whether music, as such, is mentioned or not.

In Dante, now, a fundamental musical spirit appears in relation to subsequent poets almost with a certain overpowering, though wondrous one-sidedness, remaining up to the very last years of his existence the background on which his character seems to repose. It was thus that in Ravenna, when, after long sufferings and troubles, he found there his last earthly refuge, he wrote his seven *Penitential Psalms*, his *Credo*, also, being assigned to the same period. Lastly, the *Divina Commedia* appears almost everywhere completely permeated with musical spirit and feeling. Thus in the second canto of the *Purgatorio*, on the appearance of Casella, the admirable singer and composer, who had been Dante's music-master and had set several of his canons to music, we read:

"Such full contentment that illustrious sage
And those who stood around him, testified,
Naught else, it seemed, their senses could engage.
We all were fixed with rapture on his song,
Listening intent."

Or in the fifth Canto:

"Meanwhile upon our flank obliquely hung
A band of souls that o'er the mountain came,
And verse by verse the Miserere sung.
When they observed that, as I passed along,
My body was impervious to the ray,
Into a long hoarse 'Oh!' they changed their song."

And no less in the seventh:

"'Salve Regina' chaunting, met our eyes,
Spirits who rested on their flowery seats."

I might cite a hundred passages of a similar tendency. Such quotations, however, as we have already given the reader to understand, are here not the essential part of the matter; the musical feeling of the poet is displayed far more in the choice of his subjects and in his manner of treating them; his poem has of itself the effect of music.

We have thus come, without hazarding any long leaps, much nearer our theme, properly so-called: the consideration of the musical element in Shakespeare. For Shakespeare, like Dante, belongs to the epoch of the third of the changes affecting the mutual relation of poetry and music; only Dante stands at the commencement of the epoch when classical influences were revived and worked upon men's consciousness, till then specifically Christian, while Shakespeare marks their full height, and the harmonious blending, already commenced, of the elements of civilization belonging to two distinct periods in the history of the world. As, moreover, the Englishman displays an innate susceptibility for, and comprehension of, the effects of music in a higher degree than any poet before or after him, so in the case of no one else, probably, would it be so easy to display to the soul the completely inward fashion in which poetry and music have, in modern times, permeated each other. Before endeavoring to do this, however, I must beg leave to refer to a couple of great minds nearly allied to Shakespeare, and which, most significantly, are most closely related to him in this very musical element innate in him.

(To be Continued.)

Costa's New Oratorio.

(From the London Times, Sept. 9.)

A new work of such dimensions as the oratorio of Naaman must be heard several times before a decided opinion, backed by arguments deduced from a careful consideration of it both as a whole and in detail, can be fairly pronounced. It has already been explained how Mr. Bartholomew has used the materials presented to his hands in the 2d Book of Kings; how the conspicuous figure in his drama is the Prophet Elisha, by the side of whom (inevitably) Naaman, Syrian Captain, though an heroic, is but an uninteresting personage; how the Biblical "little maid" (only alluded to in verses 2, 3, chap. 5*) is expanded into an important and certainly interesting character, whom he has prettily christened "Adah;" how Naaman's wife (same passage) is equally made subservient, under the less euphonious name of "Timna;" how the acts and miracles of Elisha are transposed where convenient, or retained where convenient, in their proper places; how the text of scripture is given *literatim*, paraphrased, or abandoned altogether for words of Mr. Bartholomew's own invention, just as it suited him; how, indeed, the whole book is constructed, and how it has been divided into scenes or sections for the purposes of the musician. No further reference to the book, beyond what is indispensable to a clear understanding of Mr. Costa's share in the work, is necessary. Enough, though the subject is by no means a happy one; though the obtrusion of Naaman's leprosy is neither condoned nor rendered in any less degree unengaging by his miraculous cure; and though the march of incidents in no way progresses towards climax, that, on the whole, Mr. Bartholomew has done the best that could be done with such materials, and that Mr. Costa by his attractive music has wonderfully helped him out.

The point of view from which Mr. Costa regards

* "And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife."
"And she said unto her mistress, 'Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria: for he would recover him of his leprosy.'"
"And one went in, and told his lord saying, 'Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel.'"

oratorio is no doubt the same as that embraced by Mendelssohn in writing *Elijah*, with the exception that while Mendelssohn in that great masterpiece almost wholly discarded the strict scholastic forms, Mr. Costa in several instances adopts them, as Mendelssohn adopted them in his first oratorio, *St. Paul*. In *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn, though glowing with creative power, looked back to Handel and to Bach—witness his fugues and his chorales; while in *Elijah* he got rid of Handel altogether, though still adhering to the chorale so cherished by the Leipsic cantor. The employment of florid counterpoint as accompaniments during the procession of strict fugues, as it appears in Mendelssohn's works, may be claimed as Mendelssohn's own invention. Now, Mr. Costa has looked at Mendelssohn from every point of view except that of style. Both in *Eli* and *Naaman* we find endeavors at the Handelian fugue, and at the chorale of Bach—seen through the vista through which they were lovingly and anxiously scanned by Mendelssohn, as well as at the fugue with florid counterpoint which belong more essentially to that composer. On the other hand, Mr. Costa's style is Mr. Costa's own. He neither imitates Mendelssohn nor any other master. His melody, though it flows with the grace and freedom of Italian melody, is not the melody of Rossini, much less that of Bellini, least of all that of Verdi—the three Italians of the present century whose individuality is the most striking, and therefore the most alluring to a musician, who, unable to invent melody himself, unconsciously, and under divers aspects, appropriates the melody of his contemporaries and predecessors. Cherubini, the other great Italian, who belonged both to the last century, and to this, was what even the genial and brilliant Rossini cannot claim to be—a practised master of the severest canons of art, a contrapuntist only inferior to the deepest—but in manner hardly "Italian" at all—certainly not what we have been accustomed to regard as "Italian" since Rossini filled the world with melody. The seraphic and Orphean Mass in F, and other sacred pieces of Cherubini, bring him in closer affinity with Mozart; while the color and turn of his phrases derive rather from Sarti and his elder compatriots. But Cherubini has no more attraction for Mr. Costa than the rest; and neither in *Eli* nor in *Naaman* is there a trace of his influence. It is, perhaps, on this account that our preference is for those parts of *Naaman* in which the composer's own individuality and melodic fluency are left full play, while he is thinking neither of the forms of Handel nor those of Mendelssohn, but drawing simply from his own resources. These are ample enough. Mr. Costa knows how to write for the voice, alone or in combination, as well as Rossini himself; he is a thorough master of vocal recitative, as the uniform excellence of the recitatives, accompanied or unaccompanied, in his new oratorio emphatically prove; his orchestration, always clear and sonorous, is brightly colored, full of contrast—natural, not forced—and of happy variety, every instrument being as conveniently written for as though he were (which for aught we can say to the contrary he may be) a proficient on it himself, and every progression as satisfactory to the ear as though, while putting it on paper, he was perfectly sure of the effect that must result. There is not a weak or uncertain point, not an inharmonious combination, not a single doubtful or awkward passage to be detected from beginning to end of *Naaman*. Everywhere the practised musician, conscious of his power, and using it with sobriety, is apparent. And amid all this amber-like transparency, the character of each orchestral agent being as familiar to Mr. Costa as its mere executive capacity, there is not a touch of monotony. As the harmony is perfect when the full orchestra, with or without chorus, is in play, so, when solos, or concerted pieces, for two, three, four, or five solo voices, have to be accompanied, richness and delicacy of tint are so artfully blended, and the various instruments made to speak so gratefully when "obligato" phrases are assigned to them, and fall together so naturally when the monologue is over, that the ear is continually charmed. An occasional tendency to superfluous use of trombones and other brass instruments Mr. Costa shares with most of his contemporaries. The gifted Rossini himself was not free from it; nor Auber, the most genuine and delightful of French composers; nor that dramatico-musical eclectic, the late regretted Meyerbeer; nor need it be added?—the sometimes over-energetic Verdi. Costa—like his compatriot the Neapolitan Mercadante—is also addicted to an excessive employment of prelude and interlude, which is calculated to arrest the dramatic progress, and thereby enfeeble the interest of the hearer. But these are rather matters of taste than blemishes. The great point is that whatever Mr. Costa designs in the construction of his orchestral accompaniments he carries out completely and with evident facility; a thorough master of his means, he employs them with the sure hand of a

master.

To pass from generalities to particulars, the personage which has seemingly taken strongest hold of Mr. Costa's imagination is that of Adah. He has delineated her with a tenderness quite poetical. She is always musically interesting, whether inveighing in soliloquy against the heathen worship—as in the graceful and delicately accompanied air, "They shall be turned back;" consoling or exhorting Naaman—as in the recitative, "O deign to heed thy captive Hebrew maid;" and "Obey him, try and thou shalt know;" or petitioning Heaven for the Syrian chief's recovery—as in the melodiously simple and expressive prayer, "Maker of every star." The composer was evidently in love with this engaging creation of his co-laborer; and his music is an eloquent expression of his leaning. In *Mdlle. Adeline Patti* he was lucky in finding his *beau idéal* personified. This young lady's *début* in oratorio has been a triumphant success; and it will be difficult henceforth to separate the idea of *Mdlle. Patti* from the idea of Adah. Her enunciation of the English language is as perfect as her singing is intelligent. The prophet Elisha, too, is a prominent and agreeable figure on the musical canvas. All his declamatory music is excellent, while his solos are almost invariably happy. Of the airs introduced into the scenes with the Shunamite woman (the miracle of the oil-pot and that of the resuscitation) "Arise, O Lord," cheerful in tone, and expressive of inward faith, must, we think, bear away the palm from "Lament not thus," the less striking exhortation to the child-bereaved mother. But better than either, perhaps, is "The seed shall be prosperous," the prophecy of fertility to the people of Jericho, so tranquilly devotional, so melodious, and again so full of faith—one of the brightest thoughts in the oratorio. It would not be easy for Mr. Costa to meet with a singer in every way so thoroughly calculated to do justice to the music of Elisha as Mr. Santley. Naaman, the Pagan warrior, converted to the true faith by his miraculous cure in the waters of Jordan, is, for reasons already enumerated, a less malleable personage. The short dialogue with Timna ("Come, and on thy bosom press me," in which he shuns his wife's embrace, on the plea of the leprosy with which the gods of Syria have stricken him, might be omitted with no detriment to the music, and otherwise with advantage. It is not merely uninviting, but repulsive. Naaman's first air, "Invoking death," in which he alludes to his martial exploits, and then sorrows for his slain comrades in arms, is stirring and effective, the slow movement which brings it to an end—"It made me sad, it gave me pain," affording a convincing example of a truth too often ignored—that pathos may be forcibly conveyed without necessarily having recourse to the minor key. The other air, "What! meaneth he to mock at me?" when Naaman is sceptical about the efficacy of ablutions in the Jordan, is hardly so happy, though the second part of it ("Our Abana and Pharpar glide") is melodious and graceful. All the martial music that forms part of the paraphernalia attending the several appearances of Naaman, including a splendidly instrumented triumphal march, both original and characteristic, in the second—is as vigorous and spirited as could be wished. Naaman's last solo, "Blessed be the Lord God," a sort of prologue to the imposing final chorus, is a grand piece of musical declamation. It is doubtful whether any other tenor than Mr. Sims Reeves, who in his reading imparts almost as much dramatic significance as if he were surrounded by all the accessories and appointments of stage representation, could be found to make Naaman the striking character he makes him. Never has this artist been more completely master of his resources than at this festival, and never did he exert his rare powers with more assiduity and success than on behalf of Mr. Costa's new work. "There is but one Reeves," was the remark on all sides after his noble delivery of the first phrase in the inspiring quartet, "Honor and glory, Almighty, be Thine," with *Mdlle. Patti*, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Santley, which created so extraordinary a sensation yesterday, and to which it is needless again to refer. The characters of Adah, Timna, and Naaman are elsewhere combined in a trio, "Haste! to Samaria let us go," almost as effective, quite as well constructed, and quite as tuneful as the quartet—one of the most remarkable performances on the same occasion. There are, however, other characters to be named. The widow, whose duct with Elisha, "I sought the Lord," and the child of the Shunamite woman, whose vision of the Cherubim and Seraphim, "I dreamt I was in heaven," are both worthy of note—the first for its flowing tune and beautiful accompaniment, the last for its appropriate simplicity. These both fell to the lot of Madame Sainton Dolby, and to more accomplished hands they could not have been confided. Her recital of the "Vision" was one of the most genuine effects of the morning. To the Shunamite wo-

man is also given an air, "Look up, my son," full of tender expression, and well suited to the earnest delivery of Madame Rudersdorff. To Gehazi, Elisha's servant, nothing but recitatives are allotted, except a share in the pleasing trio, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" with the Shunamite and Elisha, and in the quintet which precedes, and subsequently intermixes with the final chorus. Mr. Cummings was Gehazi, and a more careful Gehazi could not have been desired. The very original and ingenious manner in which the introduction, embodying the translation of Elijah, his last interview with Elisha, and the division of the waters of the Jordan by Elijah's mantle, is laid out, was commented upon in the general analysis of *Naaman* elsewhere alluded to. Whatever objection might be made to bringing forward Elijah, who, with his fiery chariot and fiery horses, was dangerous ground to tread, has been wholly obviated by Mr. Costa's judicious treatment, and this introduction is decidedly one of the best parts of the oratorio. The choral recitatives are uniformly good, and the sparing use that is made of them enhances the impression they are intended to produce. To the choruses generally high praise may be awarded. The most ambitious of all is the "Sanctus" of Angels, in the second part ("Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Might!"), which contains, on the words, "Hail, everlasting God!" a fugal episode cleverly constructed upon a theme more than usually melodious. Each part of the oratorio terminates with a grand chorus, upon which Mr. Costa has evidently bestowed immense pains and reflection. In the first of these ("Praise the Lord for His goodness") we meet with another fugal episode—to the words, "He turneth the wilderness into a standing river." This is the one noticed elsewhere as suggested by the Mendelssohnian idea of fugue with florid counterpoint sustained throughout its progress. The theme, in the minor key, is striking, and its conduct elaborate. The last chorus of all, "Great God of Gods," also has a fugue, worked out with great vivacity, on the "Hallelujah—Amen," the theme of which is more in the style of Handel than of Mendelssohn, the development being, as in the other instance, after a manner which Mr. Costa has every right to claim for his own. Add to these a *fugato*, in the characteristic chorus, "Mighty Rimmon," where the Syrians implore their idol for Naaman's recovery, the theme, in the minor, coming fittingly to the passage, "Hear, O hear our cries," and a more extended fugal episode, in the jubilant and aspiring choral hymn, "Thanks, grateful thanks, Almighty Lord," occurring on the words, "Not unto us, but unto Thee," which has an ingenious accompaniment, *staccato*, and is one of the best contrived of the series. There remains but to name the simply harmonized, and not for that less impressive *chorale*, "When famine over Israel prevailed;" and three more choral pieces—namely, "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked;" "Be comforted! the gods of Syria"—the sacrificial offering to propitiate Rimmon; and "God who cannot be unjust." The second of these is too replete with melody to be sung to a god of stone, the first and third are the most tuneful, expressive, and beautiful in the work, and bear, to our thinking, the impress of the composer's individuality more strongly than any of the others—for which reason we cannot help liking them the best, despite their wholly unpretending character when compared with some of their more soaring companions. They are genuine inspirations.

[The subjoined letter, from a well-known musical correspondent and critic, discourses of the Great Organ in such a pleasant and practical vein, that we make no apology for copying it entire. We find it in the *Brooklyn Daily Union*.]

The Great Boston Organ.

LETTER FROM C. JEROME HOPKINS.

So much has been spoken, written, and photographed about this gigantic organ, that I might at first be considered foolish, if not presumptuous, for adding anything thereto, were it not that, of all which has come under my observation, hardly anything has appeared of value to practical organists or calculated to assist them in coaxing a solitary sound from its vast treasure-house of melody and harmony.

ITS PECULIARITIES.

The points of newness which strike a stranger organist most forcibly, apart from its immense size and the number of its registers, are:

First—The limited motion of the registers or stops, which, in appearance and distance of draw, resemble those of the Alexandre organ.

Second—The number and complexity of pedals—not only the two octaves and five notes of foot keys, but the little square composition pedals of iron, of

which there are no less than seven on one side and six on the other.

Third—The arrangement of the Swell pedals, which are three in number, and are in the centre instead of at one side, as is usual in American and English organs.

Fourth—The position of the different manuals or key-boards, which are four in number, and of which the Great organ is the second from the bottom, and yet counts No. 1 in the naming on the ends of the registers; No. 2 is the bottom or lowest manual, and answers to our Swell organ; No. 3 is the Choir, and No. 4 the uppermost or Solo organ.

All these peculiarities (and to us Americans, novelties) render it exceedingly confusing to a strange organist when he attempts to make music on it for the first time. But it is still more disheartening in other respects. Imagine yourself to draw all the stops of the Great organ, and then, on striking what you think is to be a terrible thundering chord, find that you make not the faintest sound, and you gain some idea of the despair and aggravation that ensues. You then touch a little iron pedal with the point of your boot. It moves about one inch. You also touch a knob with one finger, and strike the same keys as before, and you are frightened at the avalanche of sound which not only proceeds from the Great organ (whose stops are drawn) but also from the Solo, Choir, and Swell organs, whose registers are all shut, and you wonder how these last three organs can sound. This is another trick, however.

Until these and twenty other things are explained, it is as useless for a stranger to expect to make any music on this huge machine, as it would be for him to try to extract honey from a head of cabbage or a large pumpkin.

The "touch" is also new. The keys go down nearly if not quite three-quarters of an inch, thus rendering it of the utmost importance for each one to be fully pressed down in order to obtain the full effect. Organists will here appreciate the extreme difficulty of enunciating rapid passages. Add to this the fact of a second, or fraction thereof, of time elapsing between the striking of a key and, its sound reaching your year, and a further cause for difficulty and obfuscation will become obvious. You have to play one note while still hearing the last one you just struck. This is on account of the immensity of the structure, and the distance between the player and the pipes. It is especially observed in the Swell organ.

The touch, even when all couplers are drawn, is very light and easy. This is effected through the Pneumatic attachment under the keys, by which the labor of pressing the keys actually falls upon the power which works the main bellows, namely, the Cochituate water. It is therefore, hardly more fatiguing for a lady to play this organ than it would be for her to manipulate her boudoir piano, so far as the fingers are concerned.

HOW THE EFFECTS ARE PRODUCED.

The coupling arrangements form a very remarkable feature in this instrument. Those of the pedals to manuals are worked by the feet, but those of one manual to another by the hands.

Thus, you wish to couple the pedal to Great organ: you do not raise your hands to draw a register, as in our organs, but merely touch one of the little iron pedals protruding from the front board with the toe of your boot, and the attachment is instantly effected. I shall now suppose you wish to couple the Great organ to Choir or Swell. As before, you need not raise your hands from the keys, but only touch with your thumbs a spring knob which projects from the finger-board, and this coupling is effected; and so with all the rest. So instantaneously are these couplers acted upon that from the faintest whisper on the Swell organ you can, in a second's time, be using the full force of the entire Great, Swell, Choir, and Solo organs, combined with the Pedal organ.

The advantage of such skilful mechanism must be obvious to any organist who values orchestral effects in the organ—and all but old fogies and bigots do—but then one must be careful not to be confused by them; and after all it is very easy to play on so grand an instrument, provided only (as Heller says of some of his tricks in necromancy) you know how to do it!

One thing relating to the manual couplers must be borne in mind, which is that all the coupling is done through the Great organ. To many who, on a three-ranked organ, are accustomed to use a moderate "Great," as it were by means of the Choir and Swell coupled, this will prove a stumbling-block. You must play on the Great manuals in order to sound the Choir and Swell coupled. "But supposing you do not want the Great to sound?" you inquire; "what then?" I reply that you can instantaneously throw off the stops of the Great, so that it is silent itself, but

only seems to sound through its couplings, while by means of the pneumatic attachment the weight of pressure required is not increased thereby.

THE PEDALS AND THEIR COMPASS.

The pedal-sticks of this organ are very short, and are placed much further apart than in our organs. This may be a convenience to some, especially those schooled in the German mode of using them with alternate feet, touching the pedals with the toe only, without the ankle motion required by the toe and heel movement; but to others it proves rather inconvenient. The organ is a C organ, and of course the pedals begin on C, but since they extend two octaves and five notes (or to F above), a larger space is needed for their accommodation than would be the case were they placed closer together; consequently, that organist with the longest legs possesses an advantage. They work beautifully, and are so cushioned and padded at the sides that no organist need fear his pedal passages will be ruined in effect by any rattlings of the pedal-sticks themselves, as is the case with nine organs out of ten in our churches.

THE REGISTERS.

The German names on the ends of the registers puzzle all but German scholars amazingly at first. I think myself that they might as well have had them translated, but they are not so aggravating, after all, if one only remembers the family of pipe to which certain stops belong, and learns by heart that "Gedekt" represents the Stopped Diapasons, and "Flöte" the Flutes. The others, being principally chorus stops, such as the "Bifra" and "Scharf," are not so important to the tyro. There are, however, in this organ several solo stops with such marked attributes that they should not be drawn with the Full Organ, nor are they included in the "Crescendo Pedal," of which more anon. These are the "Physharmonica" in the Choir (a lovely free-reed pipe) and the "Vox Humana" and "Corno di Bassetto" in the Solo; the first and second named have separate Swell pedals for themselves, and possess a tenderness of tone which must be heard to be adequately appreciated.

Besides the German names, however, most of the registers are also marked with the scale of pipe to which they belong, which is a great assistance to the new player, provided only he knows enough of the principles of organ-building to understand to what pitch of tone they correspond. For instance "Gedekt" sixteen feet, Gedekt eight feet, Gedekt four feet, Gedekt two feet, means "Tenoroon," Op. or St. Diapason, Principal and Fifteenth, the number of feet referring of course to the pitch.

It would be useless for me to go further into details regarding the numerous composition pedals and solo stops, the possible combinations, contrasts of tone, and so on, since in these particulars nothing can take the place of practical illustrations at the key-boards; but a few words about the Swell and Crescendo pedals may not be superfluous.

THE SWELL AND CRESCENDO.

The Swell pedals are three in number, and, as before mentioned, are in the middle and not at one side of the foot-board. Their construction is peculiar, and instead of having one motion for the foot, and then rising when the foot is removed, they are pivoted in the centre like a country school-boy's tettering-board, and the foot must make an ankle motion, pressing on toe or heel as a soft or loud tone is required. By this means, and a balance arrangement inside, the Swell-box can be retained at any desired degree of openness or closure. This is the right hand pedal. The middle pedal acts only upon the Physharmonica stop in the Choir, and the left hand one upon the Vox Humana in the Solo organ, both being pivoted similarly. It is difficult to conceive of anything more perfectly complete in appliances whereby to produce the innumerable effects of shading required by the true tone-poet, than is this extraordinary marvel of ingenuity, and, as might be expected, under the hands of a Master the effects are indescribably sublime.

The grand Crescendo Pedal, as it is called, is perhaps the most overpowering contrivance in the organ. It is not a pedal at all, at least does not resemble what is usually understood by a pedal, although moved by the foot, but consists of a slat with knobs attached at intervals of eight or ten inches throughout its entire length. This slat moves on a roller action, and runs longitudinally from right to left and left to right, just in front of the pedal sticks, being moved by a lateral pressure of the foot. There is a dial-plate, with one hand as an indicator, right in front of the performer, and as the slat-pedal advances this indicator shows how many stops are "on" or "off." When the hand has made one revolution, or points to "84," it shows that the entire force of the organ, or

rather of the five organs (counting the pedal), is being used, except of course the two solo stops—the Physharmonica and Vox Humana.

THE WONDERFUL EFFECTS PRODUCED.

How shall I describe the effect thus produced? Words fail me. The audience are electrified and the female portion not unfrequently are moved to tears through the nervous excitement occasioned. Morgan played that transcendent chorus, "His enemies hath he overwhelmed in the Red Sea" (from Handel's "Israel in Egypt"), and when he came to the last part, with the triplet moving bass after the grand crescendo, I felt as if I too was about to be swallowed up by those ruthless waves! I can but wish that all New Yorkers and Brooklynites might go and hear it, and then come home again feeling ashamed that they should have thus allowed a little Yankee town to get ahead of them in an institution which affords such pure heavenly manna to man's better part—his soul—as does this unequalled organ!

HOW THE ORGAN HAS BEEN SLANDERED.

The first thought which occurred to me after becoming acquainted with the Boston Organ was: How it has been slandered! What lies I have heard about it! Can this be the instrument which people told me could not even be filled with wind! Is this the organ which was said to be "all squeal and scream with composition stops," that had poor Diapasons, and that "mixed everything up?" Whence then those full, round, luscious, and religious tones? Whence that thundering bass, which betokens no quint nor "brassiness" of any kind? Whence that clear enunciation of complicated harmonies in fugue and fantasia? Alas! for jealousy, prejudice and bigotry, when backed by an ignorance of art and things artistic, which is ever so plentiful in this country! As this is a masterpiece of the art of organ-building, it naturally requires a Master to handle it. An Indian could not manage a steam engine, but is the fault in the engine? Just so the intricacies of this wonderful organ have had to be studied carefully even by our first organists, and the instrument is only now beginning to finish unfolding its almost boundless resources, as Bostonians themselves say, who have heard it constantly for months. * * * *

C. JEROME HOPKINS.

Burlington, Vermont, August 18.

Music Abroad.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL. This "colossal music meeting," which occurs triennially and which has the greatest history of all musical festivals, came round again for the 29th time, on the 6th of September, and lasted four days. It was of unusual interest this time, owing to the production of three new works expressly written for it (Costa's oratorio, and the Cantatas by Henry Smart and Arthur Sullivan), as well as to the revival (for the first time at Birmingham since 1837, when Mendelssohn conducted the performance in person), of *St. Paul*, besides the more familiar *Elijah* and the *Lobgesang*; also Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Handel's *Messiah*, of course, and selections from his *Solomon*. To which add a rich variety of vocal and instrumental pieces in the evening concerts. The chorus numbered nearly 100 in each of the four parts; the rest of the personnel is thus enumerated:

The list of solo-singers is formidable, comprising Mdlles. Titiens and Adeline Patti (her first appearance in oratorio), Mesdames Rudersdorff and Lemmens-Sherrington (soprano); Madame Sainton-Dolby and Palmer (contraltos); Signor Mario, Messrs. Cummings and Sims Reeves (tenors); Messrs. Weiss and Santley (basses). Add to these for the evening performances, M. Sainton (solo-violinist), and Madame Arabella Gaddard (pianist). Mr. Stimpson of the Town Hall, as usual will preside at the organ, and Mr. Costa conduct the whole performances, with the exception of the new cantatas of Messrs. Smart and Sullivan, the care of which, according to custom, devolves upon their respective composers. The band, perhaps the finest ever brought together, includes 28 first violins (principals, M. Sainton and Mr. Blagrove), 26 second violins (Mr. Willy, principal), 18 violas (Mr. Doyle, principal), 17 violoncellos (Mr. G. Collins, principal), 17 double-basses (Mr. Howell, principal), four flutes (Messrs. Pratten, De Folly, &c.), four oboes (Messrs. Barret, Nicholson, &c.), four clarionets (Messrs. Lazarus, Maycock, &c.), four bassoons (Messrs. Hutchins, Anderson, &c.), two trans-

pets (Messrs. T. Harper and Irwin) . . . , —137 in number.

Costa's *Naaman* seems to have been received with extraordinary favor; no less than twelve pieces were encored, and the raptures of the critics were beyond bounds; but then Costa has become an Englishman—so are we all, all Englishmen! On another page we have copied at length Mr. Davison's very intelligent appreciation of the work and of the performance. For the rest we have only room here for a very brief sketch of the first two days and evenings of the Festival, from the Orchestra of Sept. 10.

Smart's "*Bride of Dunkerron*," went extremely well, and praise is lavished on the subject of the cantata. The *Bride of Dunkerron* consists of some fifteen movements. It is preluded by a short instrumental movement, followed by a chorus of serfs and sea-maidens, which is characteristic and fanciful throughout, and deliciously scored for the band. The following intermezzo, exquisitely played by the band, is a scholarly piece of writing, full of exquisite passages, and containing an enchanting melody for the stringed instruments in unison, which could scarcely fail to commend itself to all who heard it. This is succeeded by a recitative, sung by Mr. Cummings, and a beautiful melodious air, "The full moon is beaming." This, although starting with a theme which at first seems somewhat commonplace, is so worked up as to become a very artistic and pleasing composition. The recitative and the air "Oh! the earth is fair in plain and glade," is thoroughly in keeping with the character of the work, the air being particularly bold and spirited, and having a very artistic accompaniment for the strings in light staccato passages, and being particularly effective in the middle of each verse, where the character of the accompaniment and the air change very appropriately. The chorus, "O Storm King, hear us," with its fine opening passages for the wind instruments, and its elaborate scoring throughout, was grandly given; and so was the following chorus, "Hail to thee! hail to thee! child of the earth," which is so pleasing, light and fantastic, that it was rapturously encored. We have not space to dwell upon the delicious beauty of the melodious air, "Our home shall be on this bright isle," exquisitely sung by Madame Rudersdorf, or the tender and impassioned duet, "Here we may dwell," likewise appropriately rendered by the before-mentioned lady and Mr. Cummings. Nor can we dwell upon the grand trio, "Where art thou?" which is really one of the finest pieces in the work, or speak at length of the finale and chorus which describes the serfs waiting *Dunkerron's* arrival home, and which is so graphically and artistically treated by the composer. Suffice it to say that the cantata was a success.

"*Naaman*" was brought out this (Wednesday) morning with a success which cannot be disputed. The pleasure of the audience, evinced in numberless encores, ultimately became tiresome, for by encoring they prolonged the performance far into the afternoon. Looking at Mr. Costa's new work as a whole, it is a great improvement upon his former oratorio. It is better in nearly every respect—it is higher in tone, nobler in quality, and if it does not contain quite so much strict writing, it is, perhaps, because Mr. Costa feels that many fugues and such-like are out of place in modern oratorios. A lack of sublimity and a want of loftier tone will doubtless be the great faults found with *Naaman*. A great part of it is certainly very light and operative in style, almost too much so, but Mr. Costa has undoubtedly just kept within the line, though he appears to have ventured as near the edge as is prudent or judicious in an oratorio. Some of the chorales could scarcely be improved, and could not be more ably treated or more effective in performance than they are. In some of the airs, duets, &c., the composer seems unconsciously to have made use of fragments of well-known melodies; but perfect originality of melody is quite a novelty now-a-days, and it is more in the original manner in which a theme is treated that we now distinguish the master. The elaborate scoring, and the perfect mastery Mr. Costa shows himself to have over the resources of his art in this work, are worthy of notice, and the rich variety, the almost endless series of little subjects which are introduced into the band parts of the accompanied recitatives, are worthy of particular remark.

We have not space to dwell upon the various pieces comprised in the evening concert. Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* was magnificently performed. One of the principal features of the second part was Beethoven's Sonata in G, No. 3, op. 30, for piano-forte and violin. This was a real work of art played by two real artists. M. Sainton is not so well known as a solo violinist as a leader in an orchestra, but in

a work like this sonata, where there is wanted thoughtful, intelligent, conscientious playing, and not trickery or mere display, few violinists can equal, much less excel, this gentleman. Madame Arabela Goddard's capabilities are too well known to leave a doubt as to how her part would be performed.

This morning (Thursday) the *Messiah* introduces Tietjens, Sherrington, Reeves, and Santley, once more to a Birmingham public; and to-night Arthur Sullivan's *Kenilworth*, the cantata composed expressly for the Festival. Friday brings the *Mount of Olives*, *Solomon* and *Elijah*, which concludes the Festival, by which time Birmingham may well be wearied of melody.

HEREFORD. The 141st Festival of the Three Choirs began on the last Tuesday in August, lasting four days, and the report thereof occupies some ten solid columns in the *London Musical World*. The principal singers were Mlle. Tietjens; Mmes. Lemmens-Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby and Weiss; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Santley and Weiss. The band consisted of between 60 and 70 instruments, and Mr. Townshend Smith, organist of the cathedral, conducted. We have only room for the programmes of each day.

Tuesday. Choral service, followed by a Fugue of Bach; Sermon; first two parts of *Creation*; Overture to Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*; Beethoven's first Mass in C, (Anglicanized into "Service in C!")—Evening: Selections from Weber's *Oberon*; Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony; songs, duets, &c.

Wednesday. Service music; Oratorio, *Elijah*.—Evening: Benedict's Cantata, *Richard Cœur de Lion*; Beethoven's C minor Symphony; "Vintagers' Chorus" from Haydn's *Seasons*; solos, &c.

Thursday. The first part of Spohr's oratorio, *The Fall of Babylon*, (one hour and a half long), succeeded by the whole of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; interval of 15 minutes; Overture to Handel's "Occasional Oratorio"; selections from *Judas Maccabeus*; airs from *Theodora* (Handel); and a selection from *Israel in Egypt*! There's a dinner for John Bull! But, coming as it did in the middle of the day, we suppose he would call it a "lunch."—Evening: Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; Shakespearean song: "Sigh no more, ladies" (Sims Reeves); Spohr's *Scena cantante* for violin; overtures, songs, &c.

Friday morning. The *Messiah*.—Evening: Chamber Concert in College Hall. Quartets, Quintets, &c., by Mozart, Beethoven, &c.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 1, 1864.

The Musical Season.

In spite of the distracting influences of the war, the Presidential election, the feverish dances of the gold thermometer, and what not, and in spite of difficulties of the situation purely musical, such as poverty of orchestral resources, preoccupation of means and evenings by the multitude of money-making popular or medley concert enterprises, Boston is likely to have, this coming winter and spring, its fair share of those more edifying entertainments in which Music takes the high ground of Art. Art never asks what is most certain to be popular; if it had done so it would have long since forgotten to be Art. Let us briefly count up the good things in prospect.

1. First, and most interesting the ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS. The good old days—a period exceptional and transitory, as it proved—when we could have some twenty classical orchestral concerts in a winter, do not come again. It may be partly owing to public indifference, partly to lack of management; but is far more owing to the singularly

small number of musicians fit to play in a true Symphony orchestra that Boston, for a city of its size and musical pretention, can command. Such as there are, there are barely enough to supply the theatres; and even the best of them are not spared from that drudging service. It is literally, and ludicrously, true that not a single pair of bassoons can be found to play in a Symphony! And as for a proper complement of strings for a band proportioned to the Music Hall, we all know what sketches we have had to content ourselves with in the name of *Grand Orchestra* performances, feeling thankful to get only so near to Beethoven, rather than cease to know him at all. Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, with a great deal of enterprise, has done the best he could for us under the circumstances. For this year his plans were larger and braver than usual,—only to be met by a new and unusual obstacle. It seems that all the theatres, as well as the various cheap and popular music halls, are to have performances on Saturday evenings, thus precluding the possibility of a concert orchestra on any evening except Sunday. Mr. Zerrahn, therefore, must either abandon his good purpose altogether, or else give his concerts on Sunday evenings. This, we are happy to say, he proposes to do. Some timid, conventional, unthinking, unappreciative persons, who still think piety inseparable from forms, will probably be shocked in their proprieties. There will be some sanctimonious criticism. Some old leaven of Puritan prejudice (the weak and silly, not the strong and glorious side of Puritanism) still blinks afraid of sunshine, and even leaves its mould upon the statute book. It may be necessary to call them "Sacred" Concerts to make them legal,—a name that has been brought into such disrepute of late, and so vulgarized, by the lowest and most secular kind of musical entertainments, as to afford the most convincing comment on the absurdity of all such prohibitions. Mr. Zerrahn, with an artist's self-respect, of course shrinks from borrowing so hypocritical a title; but if he must use the name, his safeguard will be in making the character of his music all so high, so pure and classical, that it must needs be religious, whether it wear the name or not. To the pure all things are pure; to the true music-lover all true music is *sacred*, in a very sincere sense. How many persons, even in the most God-fearing, or, better still, God-loving and man-loving, houses, dare flatter themselves that they have spent their Sabbath evenings more spiritually than he who listens, heart and soul as well as ears, to a Beethoven Symphony!—But it is late in the day to be combatting these prejudices; they have long since ceased to be regarded by enlightened minds; they are no longer public opinion, and have taken shelter only in dark places, in a few narrow minds. The great Symphony Concerts of the Conservatoire in Paris, the best concerts in every German city (and are not people there as good as we are, the best of us), take place on Sunday evenings. Bach and Handel, Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann, are just the souls to speak to us and keep our holier spirits up after a Sabbath truly spent. If it be wicked to converse with them, then is it wicked to enjoy the solemn beauty of the sunset, or to lift our eyes and souls to the eternal stars and feel the "sweet influences of the Pleiades."

Mr. Zerrahn proposes four concerts. He will

have an orchestra of forty; and for the better effect of so small a band, as well as in the uncertainty of a very large attendance, he will give his concerts, at least the earlier ones, at the Melodeon. They will be strictly classical, embracing of course some of the great old overtures and Symphonies, including one of the greatest which has not been heard here for a long time, Schubert's in C. Then he has procured a number of new scores of important works, which he will present here for the first time; viz.

1st Concert. "An das Vaterland:" a prize Symphony, in 5 parts, by Joachim Raff (first time in America.)

2nd Conc. "Gretchen" (Marguerite): *Andante* *soave*, from the "Faust Symphony" (Part II) by Liszt.

3d Conc. Overture to "Medea," by Bargiel (first time in America).—Organ Toccata in F, by Bach, arranged for Orchestra by Esser. (First time in America.)

4th Conc. "Fratres ego enim accipi:" chorus in 8 parts, unaccompanied, by Palestrina. "Loreley:" Cantata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, by Ferdinand Hiller. (First time in America.)

We are sorry that certain practical obstacles put it out of Mr. Z.'s power to produce "Paradise and the Peri" this season. We think there can be no doubt that this plan will be carried out successfully, with the countenance and gratitude of good and serious people. Mr. Z. will begin about the first of December, avoiding, of course, Oratorio nights, and weeks when musical senses require rest from the Opera.

2. Previous to this, about Thanksgiving time, a grand concert will be given by the "Boston Musicians' Union" (a mutual protective league), with an orchestra of over a hundred instruments:—who will not turn out to see such a miracle in Boston! Among the selections are: a Beethoven Symphony, the *Leonora* overture (No. 3); Wagner's *Rienzi* overture; and a Quartet for four violins, with orchestra, by Maurer; besides songs, part-songs, &c., probably by the Orpheus Club.

Of the Afternoon Concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION, and of the MOZART CLUB, there will soon be something to say.

3. The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are already rehearsing Handel's sublimest oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," for the five-days' musical Festival, which they intend to hold next Spring or Summer, on their 50th anniversary. Other Oratorios on those days will be the "Messiah," "Elijah," perhaps the "Creation," and the "Hymn of Praise." The "Creation" is to many ears so hackneyed, that we cannot help wishing that the Society would improve the occasion by learning for it at least one of the easiest of Bach's Cantatas (it is high time that a beginning be made in Bach; we are behind all the world in that!), or else Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," as well worth knowing as the "Elijah." Grand orchestral concerts will alternate with the Oratorios, the orchestra being enlarged to 80 or 90 by borrowings from New York.—Meanwhile the H. & H. will give the "Creation" in Thanksgiving week (a very fitting time for it), and the "Messiah" at Christmas time.

4. Mr. EICHBERG, as we have before announced, is preparing Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose" for early performance.—The same excellent artist, as will be seen by the following extract, is to have charge of a novel series of entertainments, in which it is natural to suppose that there will be some intermixture of classical things, at least Haydn's Symphonies, which are also "popular."

Manager Field is arranging a series of Saturday evening musical entertainments at the Museum, which cannot fail of proving in the highest degree attractive and popular. The performances are to consist of orchestral and vocal music, such as the best

resident talent can afford, and also a variety of "star" engagements, and of some of Mr. Eichberg's charming operettas, including his new one, a detailed mention of which we are compelled to defer to another week. Mr. Eichberg will have charge of the entertainments, and this fact is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. The orchestra will be enlarged, and the operettas will be given with all the attention to casts, scenery, costumes and general appointments that characterizes the dramatic performances at this establishment.

5. CHAMBER MUSIC. We have already mentioned Mr. OTTO DRESEL's contemplated Piano-Forte concerts, which of course will be of the choicest.—Mr. HERMANN DAUM's plan also will be borne in mind.—We hear nothing of the renewal of those delightful soirées of Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG, but we can assure those artists they are wistfully if not loudly called for.—Nor has the usual classical prospectus of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB made its appearance—a sign that never yet has failed us for these fifteen years—has the drought anything to do with it? All its members, individually, are just now absorbed in the nightly "Popular Concerts" at the Melodeon, of which we shall speak anon. But there is hope that the success thereof will soon warrant their making one of the evenings of each week a classical night when we shall hear the Quartets and Quintets of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, &c. even more frequently than heretofore.

6. GERMAN OPERA will soon be upon us. On Monday evening, Oct. 10, the Grover-Anschütz company, with all the strength it had before, besides several new singers, and a still finer orchestra and chorus, will re-open at the Boston Theatre, and give us, there is reason to believe, a pretty long, rich season of it. Read the letter of our intelligent New York correspondent, if you need to be reminded who and what they are. Their former experience in Boston should ensure us a somewhat better repertoire than this last one in New York; that is to say, in addition to Meyerbeer and Gounod, can we doubt that we shall have *Fidelio* again repeatedly, and *La Dame Blanche* ditto, and several operas by Mozart.

7. ITALIAN OPERA (MARTEZZEK's), which opens in New York next Monday, is expected here in December. Of this hereafter.

8. The GREAT ORGAN, of course, will not be silent. That, like the poor, we have always with us.

The "Popular" Concerts.

Messrs. THOMAS RYAN and JAMES P. DRAPER, musical and business managers respectively, inaugurated their plan of cheap and popular concerts, at the Melodeon, by a private invitation "Soirée" last Saturday evening; since which time the concerts have been regularly given every evening, with encouraging success, if the attracting and delighting of large audiences be any test. The invitation programme may serve here as a specimen for all:

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|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. Overture to "Das Nachtlager." | Kreutzer |
| 2. The Alpine Echo (Vocal Quartet). | Swiss |
| 3. Fantasia for Flute, on a German Air. | Robert Goering. |
| 4. Love's Request—German Ballad. | Reichardt |
| | Miss Ryan. |
| 5. Fantasia for Piano—on Themes from <i>La Traviata</i> . | Anchor |
| | Joseph M. R. Gabriel. |
| 6. Vocal Trio—"Love's young Dream." | Moore |
| | Miss Riddell, Draper and Barnabee. |
| 7. Recitative and Air—from <i>La Sonnambula</i> . | Bellini |
| | Miss Riddell. |
| 8. Fantasia for Violoncello—on Russian and Irish Airs. | Franchomme. |
| | Wulf Fries. |
| 9. Duet—"Trust her not" (words by Longfellow) | Balfé |
| | Miss Riddell and Ryan. |
| 10. Solo for Violin—"Sounds from Home." | Gungl |
| | William Schultze. |
| 11. Glee—"Bank of Violets" (four voices). | Stevenson |

Now, as the invited ones on this occasion were mostly of the class accustomed to the classical concerts of the Quintette Club, and not the class to whom these concerts are mainly addressed, this was not the programme to interest them very much, although the general good will spoke out in frequent applause. That overture, for instance, a weak thing in itself, was tamer still when rendered only by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with the addition of STEIN's double bass, and with RYAN's clarinet for color contrast. Besides, the Quintette Club

being there, such small employment of them collectively reduced them to a sort of pale and posthumous nonentity; we would as soon have "rapping spirits" instead of live, real, interesting persons. Then four instrumental solos, mainly show pieces, always tedious to really musical listeners, are, we fancy, too much of that sort even for uneducated publics. The life of the entertainment, as it seemed to us, both then and since, was in the singing. And if the concerts are to be chiefly popular, to attract and please the many, with the design also of gradually insinuating more and more of the classical and finer element, for which we give the managers credit, we suggest whether the end would not be best reached by making the concerts mainly vocal, and letting the few instrumental pieces be of the best and most familiar out of the Club's old treasury of Quartets, and Quintets, with an occasional good violin or piano solo, or duet, or trio?

But, as the concerts are to go on every evening, as the aim is to shape them to the wishes of an unfailing public, by trying various experiments, with the hope of demonstrating that something a great deal better than burnt cork "minstrelsy" may draw nightly crowds the year round, it is only fair to consider these first models as entirely malleable, open to modification and improvement of every sort, and by no means a fixed ultimatum to be judged once for all. We shall watch their history with interest, hoping for better and better.

A few words of the *personnel* engaged in them. Of the five Mendelssohnians there is no need to speak—Miss RIDDELL is a new soprano of interesting promise; a clear, pure not quite sympathetic, bright voice, good intonation, considerable fluent execution, but yet lacking much of style and finish. The rich contralto and pretty way of Miss RYAN are well known. Mr. DRAPER has a pleasing tenor voice, not powerful, and an unaffected style. Mr. BARNABEE's basso was quite rich and telling. The ensemble of these four was hardly sympathetic, but it must improve in time. The glees and trios were, on the whole, nicely rendered and effective. Mr. GABRIEL chooses merely show pieces by tenth-rate composers for the piano, and his execution, brilliant and dashing, lacks the fineness, the poetry, which it is in vain to seek to learn in such a school. Such music, played by the angel Gabriel himself, could never charm us. As an accompanist Mr. G. appears quite serviceable.

Quite unawares we find our space so shortened as to crowd out our Great Organ Record, as well as twenty other things, such as notices of the nice editions of the Masses of Haydn, Mozart and Weber, which Ditson has been publishing; of Greeley's admirable History of the Great Rebellion, and other books; personal intelligence of artists, teachers, &c.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening, Mr. JOHN K. PAINE will give a Sacred Concert on the Great Organ.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 27.—Mr. GROVER, manager of the German Opera, opened the musical season with Gounod's "Faust." The great interest, and overflowing attendance, with which the public in general has received the performances of the German opera troupe, is justified by the improved management displayed. Mr. ANSCHUTZ, although completely at home at the conductor's desk, and there scarcely surpassed by any one in energy and capability, is not suited to the position of manager. The costumes and decorations are much superior to the former *mise en scene* of the company; chorus and orchestra strong in proportion, and very effective under Anschütz's baton. But to ensure the future of the German Opera, all flavor of dilettantism about it must be done away with, and some of the voices replaced by better and fresher ones; for singers of good will and little voices are not sufficient. If Mr. Grover succeeds in this, his will be the merit of having grounded a lasting existence for German opera in this country, and that in spite of clique and cabal and plot and counterplot; nor will he find his reward in pecuniary success alone, but also in the thanks and recognition of those to whom the welfare of art, in all its varied phases, is dear.

The troupe consists of the following artists: Mme. FREDERICK, who possesses a fresh, powerful, sympathetic, and sufficiently extensive soprano voice. Her execution is still imperfect, and her formation of tone not yet all that can be desired. The character in which she pleased us best was that of Agatha in

Der Freischütz; she gave the great scena, and especially the prayer, with remarkable inspiration, and the most correct taste. As Margarethe in "Faust," we consider her superior to all who have appeared in that character here, and when her acting has gained a little more finish—if it may, without losing its charming naturalness, and without falling into conventionality—she is sure of success everywhere in this part. She is wrong to undertake parts lying in so low a register as that of Nancy, in "Martha;" she cannot render them with effect, and no voice can be forced out of its natural compass without evil consequences.

Mme. JOHANNSEN is a pains-taking artist; but she pleases us more in serious than in comic parts; in the latter her voice and acting display somewhat of triviality. But for such parts as that of Rachel in the "Jewess," which requires immense power, her voice is no longer reliable enough, although her efforts are not altogether unsuccessful.

Mme. ROTTER is also a zealous artist; somewhat too zealous, perhaps; for we suspect that a noticeable deterioration of voice since her first appearance here may be in part owing to her over-exertions as an actress.

Fräulein CANISSA possesses a good voice and a bad method, and too often sings false besides. Her conception of character is superficial.

Herr HIMMER is evidently a thoughtful, earnest artist. It is only to be regretted that his voice is not sufficient for the demands of his intelligence, though it might be rendered far more effective by a more open production of tone. Nothing can be said against his conception and representation of character; as Eleazar in "The Jewess," as Robert, as Faust, his acting not unfrequently reaches the sublime.

Herr HABELMANN possesses a flexible, sympathetic, and sufficiently powerful tenor-voice, a good method besides, and knows how to make a careful use of his natural and acquired resources. If we have a fault to find with this artist, it is that he occasionally oversteps the boundaries of good taste. His acting is also good. As the representative of Lyonel in "Martha," and Max in *Der Freischütz*, he leaves nothing to be desired.

Every one knows what KARL FORMES is, or at least what he was. Formes is still superb at times in Bertram, Plunkett, etc. But alas, that years of carelessness have in part destroyed an organ once so fine! Can the singer who possesses a truly noble voice, show himself too heedful in his use of it? For the human instrument is no drum, whose skin, when worn out, may be renewed at pleasure.

Herr HERMANN is in stage appearance, acting, and voice so excellent a representative of Mephisto, that it would be difficult to imagine a more complete embodiment of the hero of the cloven foot. But in rôles taxing more especially the singer's powers, Herr Hermann's want of method, the close quality of his upper tones, a lack of decision in the lower ones, and his habit of gliding a third, a fifth, sometimes even an octave in attacking certain tones, render his good bass voice comparatively ineffective.

Herr STEINECKE is a useful member of the company, although possessing little voice; but his intelligent acting partly atones for that deficiency, in characters of secondary importance.

As we have already said, the chorus and orchestra are excellent; indeed the chorus singers merit especial praise for their lively, careful, natural singing and—acting!

The operas given by Mr. Grover's company during the past representations of two weeks have been "Faust," "Martha," "Der Freischütz," "Robert le Diable," "The Jewess"; and "Don Giovanni" is promised for this (Tuesday) evening, with two new singers lately arrived from Europe, —Fräulein DJUBA and Herr LEHMANN—in the cast. Quite a good repertory for so short a season.

The most complete performance was that of *Der Freischütz*; whose old yet ever new, soulful melodies proved their divine origin by their effect on all hearts not yet blasé. "Robert" was put upon the stage after a single rehearsal and went indifferently as regards theatrical effect, in consequence. The second performance was altogether an improvement on the first. "Faust" is still the public favorite, and the commonplace soldiers' Chorus is still encored, to the horror of musical ears. In consequence of Himmer's illness, an Italian tenor, TAMARO, undertook the part of Faust with success. "The Jewess" was much cut, and on the first performance might have gone more smoothly; its great music, too, almost necessitates voices of immense power; but notwithstanding the need of them in the three principal parts, still from the dramatic talent of the artists engaged, the representation was an effective one.

"THE CREATION."

Some weeks ago, Messrs. ANSCHUTZ and FORMES announced their intention of establishing oratorio performances, which were to commence with Haydn's "Creation." The first concert was to have taken place in the open air, in Jones's Wood. But the rain had also made up his mind to visit Jones's wood on that day; so he slipped on his wet mantle, and spoiled the fun. The concert was postponed to the following Sunday, and promised to be crowded, especially as the ears that thirsted for classical music were to be regaled with instrumentation strengthened by "four great bells, and a battery of six-pounders!" But destiny again forbade. The superintendent of police, seconded by the superintendent of showers, laid his protest on the Sunday performance. At length, on the 16th of September, the affair took place before a small public—the whole thing a failure. The choir was small and ineffective; and the orchestra sounded thin in the open air. The Solos were in the hands of Mme. JOHANNSEN, Mme. ZIMMERMANN, Herr FORMES, and as Herr QUINT was taken ill with a "sudden cold," a nameless gentleman sung the part of Uriel. The right temper was wanting to the whole personnel engaged. "There is but one step" etc., etc., and this occasion again proved the truth of the old proverb. When the turn of Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus came, every ear was on the stretch for the promised "four great bells, and the battery of six-pounders." Four small bells hung on one side of the platform; the battery was invisible and inaudible, although "Hallelujah, Hallelujah," loudly sounded; but all anticipated the immense effect that was expected at the hands of those who had so wisely improved on Mozart's already rich instrumentation of Handel's score. Anschütz gives the sign—to the left, to the right—he stretches out his neck, and his head, moves his arms—bonds his whole body—the long drawn *hallelujahs* of chorus and orchestra had almost died away,—and the bells? the battery? At last, timidly, tremblingly, a little bell sounded—and an artillery of giant form threw off hastily a few—fire-crackers! Doubtless, both artists had made a mistake in counting their bars. In place of exciting awe and reverence, such as scarcely any other chorus is able to awaken, must Handel's sublime composition be thus made the groundwork for humbug, laughter and derision?

CONCERTS, ITALIAN OPERA, &C.

On the 19th the "Musical Mutual Protective Union" also gave a concert in Jones's Wood. Six hundred performers were announced. We hope the M. M. P. Union will give their future concerts in some large concert hall, for the best of orchestras with string instruments will prove acoustically ineffective in the open air. The aim of the society is praiseworthy and should be supported. The Harmonic Society displays new life, and is practising Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," with other works.

The Philharmonic commences its rehearsals next month. The first concert will be given under BERGMANN'S direction.

MAKETZKE'S Italian Opera company will begin their season on the third of October. Many new works, and native and foreign singers are promised. We shall see how these promises are fulfilled.

On the whole, a very lively musical season is expected.

LANCELOT.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Hurrah for Abe and Andy. L. B. Starkweather. 30
A capital campaign song, with Chorus. Light and pretty melody.

Is it Mother's gentle touch? V. E. Marston. 30
Another of the "Mother" songs. They are getting to be numerous, but are not yet too much so. This is a pretty song and chorus, and has been sung by the Arion Glee Club.

Song of the Shepherd boy. (Le jour se leve.)
"Mireille." Gounod. 30

This sweet little air is one of the encore pieces of the opera, and is that sung by the young shepherd, or more properly goat-herd, whom Mireille encounters on her pilgrimage to the church of the Saintes Maries.

God bless the Prince of Wales. Song and Quartet.
Brimley Richards. 30

The original quartet was composed for the occasion of the marriage of the Prince with Alexandra, who, of course, is to have a fair share of the blessing. Good, hearty music, and full of harmony.

Evening Song. C. P. Morrison. 30

A pleasing "Good Night" mountain song. Music somewhat difficult.

Johnny Bell's Wooing. C. J. Hargitt. 30

Not a comic song, as one might guess from the title, but a very tender and neat Scotch ballad. Will, very likely, take its place among the decided favorites of its class.

Instrumental Music.

Overture to "Mireille." Gounod.

The overture is quite simple in its construction, and quite appropriate to the pastoral character of the opera. A few Provençal airs are introduced.

The "Stamp" galop. Arthur O'Leary. 30

Belongs to the order of excellent instructive pieces, being quite easy, and is besides, quite "taking" and brilliant. Has an illustrated title page, with the "stamps" of various nations in the picture.

Overture to Fidelio. Beethoven.

Six morceaux for Cabinet Organ. L. H. Southard.

No. 1. Anticipation. 35

2. Remembrance. 35

The two pieces of this set will be welcome, as adding so many to the very limited list of good pieces for the instrument.

Overture to Alessandro Stradella. 4 hands.

Flotow. 75

In good shape for duet practice, which cannot be too much recommended to learners. The opera is not so well known in this country as Martha, by the same composer, but the name is sufficiently so to "sound familiar."

Books.

Heller's Studies. Op. 47. Rhythm and Expression. In two books, each, \$1.50

Heller's Studies. Op. 46. Progressive Studies. 2 books, each, \$2.00

Heller's Studies. Op. 45. Art of Phrasing. (Introductory.) 2 books, each, \$1.50

The above are all standard studies, by Heller, who is in high favor with teachers.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double the rates.

